

# The Farmington Times AND HERALD.

The Farmington Times Printing Co.

FARMINGTON, ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY, MO., NOVEMBER 6, 1902.

Volume 29, Number 45.

**Strong Men,  
Strong Leather,  
Strong Will,  
Make Our Shoes Strong.**

Your Shoe troubles are over when  
you wear Our High Grade Shoes.

OUR SHOES GIVE SATISFACTION.

**J. M. KARSCH SHOE COMPANY,**

Cash Shoe Dealers, Farmington, Mo.

## Apples for England.

The finest car of apples ever sent out of Arkansas was shipped to-day by the Farmers' Seed Co., says the Globe. "They go to Liverpool, Eng. They were Jonathan, selected from 1,200 barrels, and every apple was polished and wrapped in oiled tissue paper. Every apple was perfect, and the English people see this Kansas product there ought to be an exodus from that country to this vicinity. The car consisted of 160 barrels. The Farmers' Seed Co. boards \$6 a barrel for the apples on board the car at Atchison, and could probably have gotten more for another car. Before the apples were packed an agent of the buyer looked at them, and wanted three more cars, but was turned down. Bob Tomlinson says he would not pack another car in the same way for love or money." Kansas City Journal.

## A Motor Cyclist Killed.

New York, Oct. 27.—Frank E. Elwell, of Brooklyn, an international authority on motor cycling, and a frequent contributor to the magazines devoted to this sport, has been killed near Hicksville, L. I., while participating in a club run. The head stem of his machine broke as he was speeding along at a fast clip, and he was hurled to the ground with such force that his neck was broken.

Elwell had traveled through Europe, Asia and Northern Africa on the machine that caused his death. There were seventy-two cyclists in the party. Elwell was the last man in the string. As the party neared Hicksville he put on full power in order to catch up with the others, and while crossing the railroad tracks his machine suddenly fell apart.

## Wonderful Boy Evangelist.

Washington, Ga., Nov. 1.—The most pronounced prodigy ever seen in Wilkes is Melvin Joyner, a boy of only 10 years of age, who has been preaching in this country since Sunday. He has no equal as a boy and is the wonder of the age.

He is small, even for his age, has a dreamy, faraway expression, and out of the pulpit is no more than other boys, but in the pulpit he becomes completely changed—the childish voice and form is all that indicates youth. Although he has attended school only six months of his life his store of knowledge and general information is surpassed by few of matured scholarship.

When asked how he managed to speak without preparation he replied: "I do not know. I am totally unconscious of any personal effort. I am impelled by an onward, indefinable something that fills me and I speak. Indeed, I cannot talk as fast as I am filled."

The boy was born in Monroe county, Georgia, November, 1892. At the age of 6 he began talking in Sunday schools to children. At one of these meetings, it is said, while talking he fell in a trance in which he remained for seven days. After that experience his career as a preacher began.

It is announced by the State Department that the disposition of Columbia to haggle over the Panama Canal will no longer be allowed to delay work on the great enterprise, which will proceed in any event.

## Fees Turned into Treasury.

Secretary of State Sam B. Cook received and paid into the State Treasury taxes and fees for the month of October as follows:

Bank inspection fees,	\$1,292.50
Notarial commissions,	710.00
Domestic corporation tax,	9,730.00
Foreign corporation tax,	598.00
Miscellaneous fees,	303.05
Land department fees,	44.75
Rounding railroad contracts,	83.00
Total,	\$12,656.30

## Death of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the well-known woman suffragist, died at her home in New York City on the 26th ult., aged 87 years.

Mrs. Stanton was a widow. She was married to Henry Brewster Stanton in 1840. He was a well-known lawyer of that city, and died ten years ago.

On both sides Mrs. Stanton was descended from Revolutionary stock. Her father was the late Daniel Cady, a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York and a distinguished jurist of his day. Her mother was a Miss Margaret Livingston, daughter of Colonel J. L. Livingston of the Revolutionary Army.

At Johnstown, N. Y., Mrs. Stanton was born on November 12, 1815. From her earliest days she was a believer in the equal rights of women. In 1848 she appeared before the Legislature of the State of New York to urge the passage of a bill enabling women to hold property in their own names—a privilege denied them. Her appeal was so earnest that the bill was passed.

Four years later she called to her at Seneca Falls, N. Y., the first convention ever assembled to discuss the matter of woman suffrage. Susan B. Anthony became interested in the subject six years afterwards, and for almost half a century they remained the leaders of a movement that has since gained members in all parts of the world.

To make the movement of Woman's Suffrage world-wide in its influence, Mrs. Stanton made several trips abroad and lectured on the subject in England, France and Scotland. On one of her trips to England she organized the International Council of Women, which is still an influence among women of advanced thought.

During her life she was a most prolific and facile writer, and contributed thousands of articles to magazines on a wide variety of subjects besides suffrage. She was a believer in liberal divorce laws, and wrote much on that subject, as well as temperance.

During the last week of Mrs. Stanton's life she was engaged with her secretary in preparing a short address to American women suffragists, urging them to request President Roosevelt to introduce into his next message to Congress a paragraph advocating suffrage reform. This address, as well as personal letters to the President and his wife, was to have been mailed to Washington on Monday, the letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, dictated on Saturday, less than twenty-four hours before Mrs. Stanton's death, being the last she ever wrote. The family has sent these papers to Mrs. Roosevelt.

We are the people when it is up-to-date that you are looking for.—Coke & Nixon.

## LIFE'S SPICE.

"Variety is the spice of life."

BY S. MCK. F.

Do you know, I believe the people of Farmington would become famous as hill climbers if they went abroad? We have so much experience over our sidewalks, stepping up and stepping down, where the modern grandstand meets the old stone walks, and then avoiding the unevenness of the latter where the rocks almost stand up on edge. It speaks well for the sobriety of our town that there have been no serious accidents, since we are without a moon, for one needs to be sober to get along these nights.

One day recently a dear old lady said to me, "Can't you say something in your paper about the troublesome chickens that come from our neighbor's?" Can't I? I don't believe the editor will permit a box car letter right here to make my interjection as emphatic as I would like. What I would say if I should say exactly what I think would not look well in print, for if there is any one subject I know anything about it is chickens, for I have been tormented since early summer with them. But last week, after having planted my spring bulbs, I found them scratched up. Since tomato season opened, I have known no peace, until at last in despair of mending matters, I had the green ones gathered for pickles. With twenty-five fine tomato plants I was obliged to buy tomatoes the entire summer. Some one has since told me that a mixture of salt and corn meal will kill marauding chickens, and I expect next season to have a top dressing of the mixture for my tomato vines. Every man's house is his castle, I grant, and I have a right to have what I please on my own place; but I deny my right to have anything on my place that leaves my premises to forage on my neighbor. It was for this reason that I denied myself the pleasure of having my own chickens, and it was the irony of fate that made me the bearer of the burden of my neighbors' chickens. Is there any redress?

The opening of the school season is an auspicious time to consider the importance of punctuality. The habit of being on time is one that should be acquired early in life. It is a matter of pride to me that in all the length of my school days, from six to seventeen, that I was never tardy a single time during that period. So impressed was I with the spirit of promptness, that during the two years I taught school I endeavored to impress on my pupils that it was one of the cardinal sins to be late at school. I was induced to believe that year that punctuality was one of the lost virtues, for there was never an entertainment that commenced in the Opera House or school halls at the appointed time, which was usually eight o'clock. The half-past-eight whistle blew nearly every time before the performance began, and that seemed to be the signal for the opening number. It is much the fault of the audience, I confess, but people have continued in this habit from the fact that they know things do not commence promptly. Why, even the moon realized this during the late eclipse. It was advertised for 9:17, but as Farmington people are noted for never being on time, the display was fully an hour late. A few prompt entertainments will change this. Let us hope for a reform in this direction. While on the subject of entertainments I had a few words to say about something else, but I leave that until next time.

I had the pleasure while I was in St. Louis last week of seeing the table in the floral competition at one of the large stores. Each table had a different scheme in decoration, although all but one contained orchids. White and yellow chrysanthemums formed the entire decoration of one table. A chef was at each table to explain to the uninitiated the use of knives, forks and spoons, and though only three of the latter are allowable, but you may have from five to seven forks. The china was beautiful and the cut glass resplendent, and there were five or six wine glasses at each plate, the very

small one being for the cocktail that begins the dinner. The glasses are of all sizes and shapes, the most beautiful one being a high stemmed champagne glass, but as that comes with the salad at the end of the meal, I think it is a great risk to use \$50 glasses after mixing all those wines from the previous five or six glasses. I should imagine one's hand would be unsteady and several glasses be dancing before the eyes. But I may speak so from lack of experience in the manner of dining that begins with a cocktail and closes with a table spoonful of creme de menthe. However, the tables were beautiful with their wealth of color, dainty china and the glitter of cut glass and silver.

This beautiful poem by Father Ryan should be in every scrap book.

## THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by years,  
Some measure their life by art;  
But some tell their days by the flow of  
their tears,  
And their lives by the moans of their  
heart.

The dial of earth may show  
The length, not the depth, of years—  
Few of many they come, few or many  
they go—  
But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray  
That creeps through the sunny hair,  
And not by the scenes that we pass on  
our way,  
And not by the furrows the fingers of  
care

On forehead and face have made,  
Not so do we count our years;  
Not by the sun or the earth, but the  
shade

Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.  
For our years are oftentimes old,  
Though their brows be bright and  
fair;

While their blood beats warm, their  
hearts are cold,  
O'er them the spring—but winter is  
there.

And the old are oftentimes young  
When their hair is thin and white;  
And they slay in age as in youth they  
sing.

And they laugh, for their cross was  
light.

But, head by head, I tell  
The rosary of my years;  
From a cross—a cross they lead; 'tis  
well.

And they're dead with a blessing of  
tears.

Better a day of strife  
Than a century of sleep;  
Give me instead of a long stream of life  
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam  
On the billows of all the years,  
But never the foam brings the lone back  
home—  
He reaches the haven through tears.

## The Modern Prodgal.

Occasionally a good man grows dissatisfied with Missouri, says the Nevada Post.

The milk is too yellow or the honey too sweet, and he don't like them to flow over his land anyway.

So he parts with his farm, sells his live stock and "other things too numerous to mention," at auction, and moves to Kansas.

There he takes his good Missouri money and buys a farm which to-day is and tomorrow is not, because the wind has blown it away.

Or he tries Colorado and slushes around in the mud irrigating a strip of bottom so narrow that a cow can't jump in the field because she jumps over.

Then he hears of Texas and goes down to hunt the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. In the daytime he scratches sandbars out of his flesh and at night the tarantulas nibble at his feet and the centipedes crawl over his face.

When his money is all gone he begins to feel like he did the first night he ever staid away from home.

He yearns for good old Missouri and the yearn sticks in his throat and chokes him until the tears come into his eyes.

He would give a month's work to again see the cows standing at the bars on his old Missouri farm and hear the horn blow for supper.

Memory is a marvelous painter and paints best the things we have lost.

It pictures to the wanderer the corn silking in the fields he once owned, the wheat yellowing for the harvest, the clover stretching away in a carpet of red and green, richer than the rugs of the Persians.

It shows him the elms at the wharves to his children at play beneath them, points to the roses in the corner of the old rail fence, and with infinite detail paints a thousand little things that touch the heart and prove its whimsical power.

Happy is the man who wakes from sleep to find that he only wandered from Missouri in his dreams.

## President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

ACCORDING to the yearly custom of our people, it falls upon the President at this season to appoint a day of Festival and National Thanksgiving to God.

Over a century and a quarter has passed since this country took its place among the nations of the earth, and during that time we have had, on the whole, more to be thankful for than has fallen to the lot of any other people. Generation after generation has grown to manhood and passed away.

Each has had to bear its peculiar burdens, each to face its special crisis, and each has known years of grim trial, when the country was menaced by malice, domestic or foreign levy, when the hand of the Lord was heavy upon it in drought or flood or pestilence, when in bodily distress and anguish of soul it paid the penalty of folly and of froward heart.

Nevertheless, decade by decade, we have struggled onward and upward; we now abundantly enjoy material well-being, and under the favor of the Most High we are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting.

The year that has closed has been one of peace and of overflowing plenty. Rarely has any people enjoyed greater prosperity than we are now enjoying. For this we render heartfelt and solemn thanks to the Giver of Good; and we seek to praise Him, not by words only, but by deeds, by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of General Thanksgiving, Thursday, the 27th of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from the ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks unto Almighty God for the manifold blessing of the past year.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-seventh.

By the President: THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

## General News Cullings.

Earthquakes in Old Mexico have disabled the telegraph lines in several sections.

An Assyrian peddler was robbed and fatally beaten by footpads in Douglas county, Ill.

A combine of all the lead interests of the country with the Smelter Trust is being projected.

President Roosevelt's sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, has returned from Europe critically ill.

President Roosevelt went turkey hunting last Friday, but he failed to bag a bird for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Legal action instituted at Macon, Mo., will test the legal right of the United Mine Workers' Union to levy strike assessments.

A corn carnival was held at Clinton, Mo., last week, and the display was so meritorious that wide interest has been awakened.

Two brothers and their sister were found burned to death in their home near Elkhorn, Wis. Murder with the motive of robbery is suspected.

Edmund Bersch, another of the St. Louis hoodlums, has been convicted and his punishment assessed by the jury at five years in the penitentiary.

Official announcement is made at Washington that General S. B. M. Young will succeed General Miles as Lieutenant General of the United States Army.

Gov. Yates of Illinois is sick with typhoid fever, and while his condition is quite serious, his symptoms are those common in such cases and there is no occasion for unnecessary alarm.

A big stock yard consolidation is contemplated of all the stock yards in the country. The yards included are those in East St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Fort Worth.

Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Prottaman, Missouri's oldest minister, died at the home of his niece, Miss Anna Z. Clark, at Booneville, on the 28th ult., aged 87 years. He was a warm personal friend of Gov. Robert Stewart, and wrote for him the first Thanksgiving proclamation issued in Missouri.

Doctor Lownd, who was the German Commissioner to the Chicago Fair in 1893, has been selected by Emperor William as the Commissioner of Germany to the St. Louis World's Fair. As soon as his appointment is perfected he will sail for this country to arrange for a large exhibit.

The proposed treaty submitted by the United States to Cuba was returned to Washington recently, with a counter proposition from the government of Cuba. In a letter sent with the treaty President Palma says that the acceptance of the propositions made by the United States would be ruinous to Cuba, as it would result in a large reduction of the customs revenue of the island.

The friends of Cole Younger, the ex-bandit, are trying again to secure a full pardon for him so that he may leave Minnesota. He has been quite ill since his brother Jim committed suicide, but is able to be about again.

A gang of robbers took possession of Prairie City, Ia., early on the morning of the 28th ult., patrolling the streets while they looted the bank. For three hours the nightwatchman was covered while the bandits dynamited the safe and stole \$4,000.

Doctor Alonzo B. Garnett, United States Consul at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, who was reported to have been killed by Indians during a perilous trip of sixty-seven days in the Sierra Mountains, exploring for minerals, has safely returned with all of his party.

Judge Samuel C. Peden, one of the St. Clair County Judges imprisoned for refusing to obey the mandate of the United States courts in the matter of a tax levy to pay bonds pledged by the county for a railroad which was never built, was released from jail on the 29th ult., he having recently resigned his position.

John Kaiser Valentine, a Festus, Mo., farmer, went to St. Louis to wed Mary Martin, whom he had heard about in a matrimonial advertisement. He had sent \$6 to one Jacob Stroser for an introduction, which resulted in a correspondence and an agreement to wed. Stroser failed to produce the ethereal Mary and Valentine reported the case to the police and had him arrested.

A 14-year-old negro boy of Oxford, Miss., witnessed a hanging at that place, and thought he would see how it worked. He threw a noose over a tree limb and arranged a noose for a noose hanging of himself. He stood on a milk jar and placed his head in the noose. In some manner he knocked the jar away and his neck hanging developed into the genuine article. When found he was dead.

Robert Tammann, an 8-year old Hot Spring's boy, was caught by a chained bear, folded in its great paws, and the bear was just closing his teeth down on his head when the keeper rushed in and with nothing but his hands succeeded in rescuing the boy. The boy was unconscious when taken from the bear's clutches, his skull was badly fractured and his legs severely torn by the bear's claws. He may probably die.

"It Goes Right to the Spot"

When pain or irritation exists on any part of the body, the application of Ballard's Snow Liniment will give prompt relief. "It goes right to the spot," said an old man who was rubbing it in, to cure his rheumatism. C. R. Smith, Proprietor, Smith House, Texas, writes: "I have used Snow Liniment in my family for several years, and have found it to be a fine remedy, for all aches and pains, and I recommend it for pains in the throat and chest." 25c, 50c and \$1 at City Drug Store.

## Why Trade Goes Away.

The city department stores are getting out their fall catalogues, meanwhile the local merchant groans over the large amount of business these concerns take away from him. Most of this trade could be kept at home if the local merchant would only follow the tactics of his city competitors. It is a plain business proposition. The department stores spend thousands of dollars every year in newspaper and catalogue advertising and consider the investment a profitable one, evidently, or they would not spend their money in this manner. The local merchant in many instances does not pay out a cent from one year to another to call attention of the trade to his business. Judicious advertising in the local papers would be just as profitable an investment to the home business man as general advertising is to the city department stores.—Potosi Independent.

The city department stores not only send out their catalogues, but they make suggestions in them that the pages of city Sunday papers be watched for special bargains. If our home merchants would advertise along special lines, giving names of goods and prices, much of this trade which goes to the mailing department of city stores could be kept at home. People frequently don't think of buying some dainty article until it is suggested to them by being brought to their attention. The city stores understand this.

## Do You Want to Yawn?

Feel cold shiverings, aching in the bones, lack of energy, headache, and great depression? These symptoms may be followed by violent headache, high fever, extreme nervousness, a condition known as malaria. Herbine cures it. Take it before the disease gets a fair hold, though it will work a cure in any stage. J. A. Hopkins, Manchester, Kan., writes: "I have used your great medicine, Herbine, for several years. There is nothing better for malaria, chills and fever, headache, biliousness, and for a blood-purifying tonic, there is nothing so good." 50c at City Drug Store.

## Shadow Pictures in National Capitol.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Shadow outlines of the features of the late President McKinley and of President Roosevelt, wrought surreptitiously into the walls of the Statuary Hall in the National Capitol, are to be obliterated by order of the Federal authorities.

It was only recently that they were discovered there among the zigzag, apparently random, lines drawn by the painter to give the walls their appearance of genuine marble. This remarkable work was done by artist Samuel Allison, who excels in the presentation of puzzle pictures, which are so prominent a feature of all the walls he has decorated.

Capitol guides who made the discovery were delighted, and gleefully made the announcement to the outer world in the hope that visitors would be attracted by the news. They were, but in such numbers as to prove the undoing of the guides.

Vast crowds thronged the Capitol, which is undergoing repairs, and this hampered the artisans, who made complaint that the shadow pictures are to be painted out for two reasons—one that the work was being interfered with; the other, that the presence of such counterfeits in the Capitol of the United States was not "dignified."

## Beautiful Complexions.

Are spoiled by using any kind of preparation that fills the pores of the skin. The best way to secure a clear complexion, free from sallowness, pimples, blotches, etc., is to keep the liver in good order. An occasional dose of Herbine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver, and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50c at City Drug Store.

## Yields of Winter Wheat.

The department of agriculture has compiled a report showing the average yields of wheat in bushels per acre. It is as follows: New York, 16.8; New Jersey, 16; Pennsylvania, 15; Delaware, 16.5; Maryland, 14; Virginia, 5.7; North Carolina, 5.3; South Carolina, 5.6; Georgia, 6; Alabama, 6; Mississippi, 8; Texas, 9; Arkansas, 9.1; Tennessee, 6.6; West Virginia, 7; Kentucky, 9; Ohio, 16; Michigan, 17.4; Indiana, 15; Illinois, 16.6; Wisconsin, 18.1; Iowa, 17.5; Missouri, 18.2; Kansas, 8.7; Nebraska, 22; California, 15; Oklahoma, 11.6; Idaho, 26.4; Washington, 25.7; Oregon, 22; Indian territory, 12.3. Average for the State and territories reported, 13.8. The average for Ontario for a period of nearly twenty years is according to the bureau of industries over twenty bushels which makes a comparison with the above figures most gratifying.

## Mothers.

Who would keep their children in good health should watch for the first symptoms of worms, and remove them with White's Cream Vermifuge. It is the children's best tonic. It gets digestion at work so that their food does them good, and they grow up healthy and strong. 25c at City Drug Store.

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